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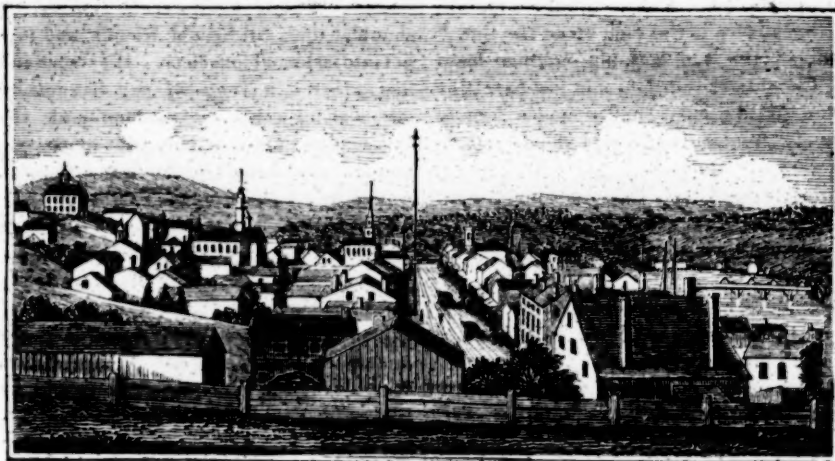
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NORTHWEST VIEW OF CATSKILL, N. Y.



CATSKILL was organized in 1788 as part of Albany county; since modified. The town had a small annexation from Saugerties in 1822. The surface and soil are quite diversified. On the west are the Kaatsbergs, of a lofty mountain character, bordered by many hills of no inferior magnitude; and the intervening plain that extends towards the Hudson has a broken surface, especially in the southern part, whilst the northern has a high level plain of sand and clay. The Catskill creek runs through the northern part of the town, receiving in its course a number of fine mill streams, which, with the Catskill, are bordered with rich tracts of alluvial land. Population, 5,339. Leeds and Jefferson are small villages.

The village of Catskill was incorporated in 1806, and is the seat of justice for the county. The village is principally built in the deep valley of the Catskill, between which and the Hudson is a bluff 150 feet in height. The above engraving is a northwest view of the village, as seen from an elevation called Ashley Hill, at its northern extremity. The drawbridge over the Catskill is seen on the right, and will admit the passage of sloops some distance above it. The mouth of the creek makes a good harbor for sloops; and a long and broad dyke, walled with stone, connects the shore with an island in the river, affording a place for buildings, and a commodious landing for steamboats. The principal street in the village is about half a mile in extent, having quite a business-like appearance. The steamboat landing is about 1 mile distant. There are in the village 1 Dutch Reformed, 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist, and 1 Methodist church. There are 2 banks, 2 newspaper establishments, and about 300 dwellings. Distant 6 miles from Hudson, 111 from New-York, and 33 from Albany.

Although not in the town, yet as connected by name and many relations with Catskill, we may describe here the Pine Orchard and Mountain House, noted attractions to tourists. They are in Hunter, near its eastern boundary, 12

miles west from Catskill village. The road from the village to the foot of the mountain, 9 miles, has little of interest. The ascent of the mountain is by a good though circuitous road of 3 miles, but which, often running upon the brink of a deep ravine, or beneath frowning precipices, excites an unwelcome degree of terror. The hotel, erected by "The Kaatskill Mountain Association," at the cost of \$22,000, is on a circular platform of rock, of uneven surface, having an area of about 6 acres. The building is 140 feet by 24, 4 stories high, with piazzas in front, and a wing for lodging rooms, and is duly fitted and furnished for the accommodation of its numerous guests.

"The prospect from this rock is more extensive and diversified than, perhaps, from any other point in the United States. Petty inequalities disappear, and the whole surrounding country is spread out as a plain. The eye roves, in endless gratification, over farms, villages, towns, and cities, stretching between the Green mountains of Vermont on the north and the Highlands. The Hudson river, with its green isles and thousand sheets of white canvass, becomes visible for 60 miles in a clear atmosphere. At times, a thick curtain of clouds of ever-changing form, veils the region of lower earth from sight; and in their respective seasons, storms of rain and snow spend their force in mid air, beneath the rays of a bright sun which gilds the mountain above them. The scene, when gradually unfolded with the day, is most enchanting.

"A few years since this delightful position was almost unknown and rarely visited; but the reports of the extent, beauty, and grandeur of its prospects, and the salubrity of its atmosphere, at length fixed public attention. The number of visitors at each successive season increased, until the temporary buildings at first erected gave place to the edifice we have described. The following heights on the mountain have been given by Capt. Partridge: Mountain house, 2,212 feet above the Hudson; 1,882 feet above

Lawrence's tavern; 1,547 feet above the turnpike gate, at the foot of the mountain, and 947 feet above Green's bridge.

"Two miles from the hotel are the Kaatskill Falls, upon a stream flowing from two lakes, each about a mile and a half in circumference, and about a half mile in the rear of the house. After a west course of a mile and a half, the waters fall perpendicular 175 feet, and pausing, momentarily, upon the ledge of a rock, precipitate themselves 85 feet more, making the whole descent of the cataract 260 feet. Below this point, the current is lost in the dark ravine or clove through which it seeks the valley of the Catskill. The water-fall, with all its boldness, forms, however, but one of the interesting features of this scene. From the edge of the first falls is beheld a dreary chasm, whose steep sides, covered with dark ivy and thick summer foliage, seem like a green bed prepared for the waters. Making a circuit from this spot, and descending about midway of the first fall, the spectator enters an immense natural amphitheatre behind the cascade, roofed by a magnificent ceiling of rock, having in front the falling torrent, and beyond it the wild mountain dell, over which the clear blue sky is visible. The falls on the west branch of Kaatskill have a perpendicular descent of more than 120 feet, and the stream descends in rapids and cascades 400 feet in 100 rods. The Kaatskill has a devious and very rapid course of about 8 miles, to the Catskill, near the village. The falls are best seen from below; and the view from the Pine Orchard is better between 3 o'clock, P. M. and sunset, than in the middle of the day."—*Gordon's Gaz.*

TALES.

From Sargent's New Monthly Magazine.

AN INCONVENIENT ACQUAINTANCE.

BY HELEN BARKLEY.

"Mr. LORIMERE is not at home, sir," replied a rosy checked Irish girl, to the query of an individual in a shabby brown coat, and strapless pantaloons, that disclosed feet paired but not matched, who stood on the stoop of one of the most elegant mansions in Bond street.

"Of course not, my dear, Mr. Lorimere's never at home—but Mrs. Lorimere is at home and Miss Lorimere can't be out at this early hour?" "Mrs. Lorimere is engaged, and so is Miss Lorimere," pertinaciously replied the girl.—For she recognized a certain leering smile about the thin mouth, and a shrewd wink of the grey lynx eye, against the owner of which she had seen the waiter more than once close the door.

"You've a fine bloom, my dear, a fine bloom, you'd better show me to Mrs. Lorimere, or I shall have to find my own way."

"Mrs. Lorimere is engaged sir; you had better call again."

"Engaged is she?" said Mr. Badger, deliberately placing himself in a comfortable leaning

posture against the door. "Call again, eh?" he slowly added, and casting around a few furtive glances as though he were seeking some accus-tomed passport to the lady's presence.

"Whose child is that? Mrs. Lorimere's?"

The girl nodded.

"Come here my pretty little dear, here's some-thing for you," hallooed he to a red-haired young urchin, whose begrimed face was inquiringly protruded from behind the back door. "Here's something for you!" And he drew from his capacious pocket a handful of prunes and peanuts, and held them coaxingly towards the child. The boy at first drew back, and then unable to withstand the temptation, bashfully approached, grasped the offered treasure, and would have made his escape, but Mr. Badger caught one of his arms.

"Where's your mamma, my little man? Here's another handful."

"Ma's in the back parlor clearing the break-fast things."

"Well tell her a gentleman wants to see her, and I'll try what else I can find in my pocket for you."

Away ran the child towards the back parlor. The girl let go of the door to stop him. Mr. Badger seized that opportunity to step into the house; following as closely on the fugitive's heels as though he were quite at home in such pursuits. He entered the parlor just as the boy cried, "Ma, somebody wants to see you."

Mr. Badger bowed in the decorous, but now unfortunately obsolete style of Louis Quinze.

Nobody could have mistaken the glance of marked admiration with which he surveyed the fine person of the lady standing at the head of a disordered breakfast table. A small swab was in her delicate hand. She was busily engaged in washing French china cups.—The lady colored, hastily drew her sleeve over a remarkably white arm, dried her hands, and rather haughtily demanded, to what circumstance she was in-debted for this visit.

Mr. Badger bowed again as though he felt himself complimented.

"The girl said your ladyship was engaged, but I knew I should be no disturbance to your ladyship—and this beautiful boy—what a lovely face he has got!"—tenderly stroking the child's flame-colored head.

Here the mother's countenance relaxed into a half smile, and she pushed a chair towards her guest.

"Your ladyship's child I presume?—resem-bles you vastly, else I should have supposed your ladyship too young to be his mother."

Mrs. Lorimere this time smiled positively, and replied in a gentle tone, "My only son, sir."

"Indeed! a noble boy! what a head! you've heard of phrenology? Must take him to Fowler, the phrenology man—shouldn't wonder if he told you that this child stood a chance of being Presi-dent of the United States—remarkable head! Shouldn't wonder at all myself at seeing him President. Great country this—great country!"

"Take a seat, sir."

"Thank you, your ladyship—thank you, I don't care if I do. Very pretty carpet you have on the floor—came from Chester's—all the house furnished with the same? That puts me in mind of business. Fact is, your ladyship, I called to see if I could get Mr. Lorimere—by the by the

boy looks a little like him at this moment—got his dashing air to a T!—I was saying, your lady-ship, I want to get Mr. Lorimere to settle about this very carpet. Chester's growing impatient."

"Indeed sir, I thought the carpet was paid for long ago."

"Oh! no, your ladyship, a slight mistake—those china cups too—pretty pattern, aren't they? Came from Drummer's—I've a small demand for them."

"You surprise me. I chose the china myself, and am almost sure it was paid for at the time."

"Slight mistake, your ladyship—nothing more—now if I could get your ladyship just to set the case before Mr. Lorimere, and persuade him to give me a check for these things, I should esteem it a great favor."

"I certainly shall, sir. I am very much mortified to hear that the bill has stood so long."

"When shall I call again, your ladyship? This afternoon?"

"If you please. We dine at half-past three, Mr. Lorimere is always at home to dinner. I shall speak to him without fail."

"Much obliged to you, your ladyship. Ches-ter & Co. can't wait—nor Drummer neither. I'll call this afternoon.—Here are more proues for you, sonny.—What an eye he has got! His father's eye—just the eye for a great man. I'll call at half-past three, your ladyship."

With these words Mr. Badger bowed himself backwards out of the room.

As he limply ran down the steps with a habitual chuckle, which denoted particular satis-faction, he encountered one of his acquaintances.

"Heh! Brindsley! How are you getting on my good fellow?"

"What, Badger, is that you? Thank fortune I'm getting on so well that I'm not afraid of meeting with you in the streets."

"That's what I call eloquent and explicit. Did you notice what an elegant house I came out of? Been paying a visit to one of the love-liest women in New-York. Great country this—great country!"

"Mrs. Lorimere? You've got an account against her husband, I suppose; but what do you go after the wife for?"

"That's a peculiarity of mine—I like talking to handsome women—there's nothing like it in creation. I never trouble the husbands much until I see what I can do with them through their wives. Nothing like getting a woman to help carry on a suit against her husband—I col-lect more bad debts from such pleading than any other. Nothing men hate like having the women know about their affairs, and having them worry them into paying their debts. Great country this—"

"Are the women then always so anxious to pay?"

"To be sure—sweet creatures—most of them have got conscience enough to make up the lack in their husbands—hearts too—I've a receipt of my own for getting at a woman's heart."

"Who is this Lorimere?"

"Lorimere? Why he's a Wall street broker. A man who made a little money by speculating—lost six times as much as he ever made, and has got the reputation of being worth all he ever made and lost together. This because he lives in a large house, and owes large sums to half the shop-

keepers in New-York. Great country this—great country!"

"Is there hope of his paying?"

"He'll pay me every stiver. You'll see—every body pays me. I lay my plans to suit my people. Don't catch sparrows and hawks in the same net.—Lorimere's father was a tailor. The old man was worth a mint of money, and bought nothing with it but pride. He died, and the children inherited his pride and got none of his money. Young Lorimere is turning the cold shoulder upon all his old friends and trying to get into fashionable society. His supposed wealth has gathered a troop of gay hangers-on, like wasps about a bee-hive, around him. Nothing he dreads so much as being cut by them. Now you see—but I can't let you into my plans. The train's well laid—trust me for that."

"What an elegant young man that is walking in front of us! I wonder who he is?"

"That! By the cut of his coat that must be Bill Flashing. An acquaintance of mine. He's paying his addresses to the young lady with him. A fortune I hear. What an air she has! I don't doubt she's pretty—excuse me my dear fellow, I have a bill in my pocket for \$150 which my friend Flashing owes to his livery-stable keeper. I'll join him."

"What! not when he's walking with a lady?"

"To be sure—why not? That's the very time to make an impression. Besides I want a good look at her ladyship. If I get an answer from him, I'll join you farther down."

Mr. Badger withdrew his arm from Brindsley's and limping a few steps forward very unceremo-niously placed the disengaged member within that of the astonished young fop. Mr. Badger took no notice of the gentleman's discomposure, but staring at the young lady made one of his pro-found and graceful salutations.

Mr. Brindsley purposely passed them, to enjoy the troubled look of the assailed young gentleman, the confusion of the belle, and the truly delight-ful ease and self possessed grace of Mr. Badger.

Mr. Brindsley walked half a dozen blocks be-fore his friend joined him.

"Well, Badger, have you dropped your prey?"

"Only given the fish a little of the line with the bait in his mouth. Flashing promised to see me to-morrow and fork out the shiners. Great country this—great country. Tried to put it off a week—but I kept hold of his arm, and looked at the girl, as much as to say, what a fool he takes me for! His tight coat must have grown uncomfortable just then—so I should think from his fidgetting. Sweet girl she was—looked at me from head to foot—all the women look at me—nothing I like so well as a woman's eye. Great country this—finest women in the world!"

"Where are you going now?"

"To Wall street. We are almost there. This is just the hour I know I shall catch a particular friend of mine with his cronies around him. He'll have to shell out this time, or I shall take up my quarters in his office for the rest of the day. I took lodgings once in the same house when I had a large debt to collect from him. I followed him about like his shadow—he couldn't turn without seeing me. He had to pay at last—said he felt as if he was releasing his soul from the old Nick. Here we are. Good-by. I shall be engaged for an hour or two."

"Good-by—success to you."

Mr. Badger entered the office. It was filled with persons busily engaged in conversation. Several of the group recognized him and looked somewhat inclined to get out of his way. Very good-naturedly thrusting out his hand to each in turn he generously dealt round a few hearty shakes. He then put his head over the shoulder of a venerable looking gentleman, whose back was turned and cried out,

"Eh—Mr. Cash—my good sir—how do you do? Delighted to see you—it's with you I want to speak."

"What! old cloven-foot! is that you!—here again? Now, I'll make a bargain with you. I'll pay you that bill, and give you ten dollars to boot, if you'll promise never to shut out the sunlight from these doors again; and never to take another bill against me in your life? Let any other man do it—but I can't stand your mode of proceeding."

"Done! Down with the dust! I'll never take another bill against you as long as I live.—Great country this—great country—"

"There it is—now the next time I meet you I shall be saved from the sin of wishing you had a black cap drawn over your face."

Badger took the money—gave his usual chuckle—bowed the silent quick bow he kept in reserve for the male portion of the species—and hobbled out of the office, muttering, "That man's a gentleman! He pays proper tribute to my talents. I'll never collect another bill against him as long as I live. Great country this—great country—"

We will not follow Mr. Badger in his morning visits; but take leave of him until a quarter past three.

The hour found him once more on the steps of Mr. Lorimere's mansion. His loud ring this time was answered by the waiter. The man's half uttered "Mr. Lorimere is out" was interrupted by Mr. Badger.

"I have an appointment with Mrs. Lorimere;" and pushing by the disconcerted attendant he entered the drawing room.

Mrs. Lorimere, dressed in the richest attire, was sitting upon the sofa. She hardly noticed Mr. Badger's entrance. Her eyes looked red, and there was a crimson spot on her cheek that betokened as much anger as grief.

Mr. Badger gallantly sat himself beside her, stretched out his better foot foremost, and in an insinuatingly sympathising tone feared she was unwell.

"Thank you sir, I am quite well."

"Your ladyship's beautiful little boy ill perhaps?"

"No," said the mother more courteously, "he is well."

"Mr. Lorimere not come home yet, your ladyship?"

"Mr. Lorimere dines out. He has just left me!"

"Ah! indeed!—Suppose he'll be home to tea? I ain't much engaged this afternoon—I could wait."

The lady gave him a supplicating glance, and drew a deep sigh.

"He did not say when he would come back. He may not return until late at night." Here Mrs. Lorimere showed an evident desire to sob.

"Don't be distressed your ladyship—I don't

mind waiting at all"—said he in a peculiarly tender tone, "Or, perhaps, I'll call again to-morrow. Be so good as to remind Mr. L. to-night, and again in the morning, and once more as he leaves the house, of those little demands. I shall find it quite convenient to call to-morrow. Pray don't be distressed."

"I will certainly remind him, sir. I am mortified to death about them. Depend upon it they shall be paid."

"I'm sure of that now you've taken the matter into your own hands. Don't let me keep you from your dinner. I'll see you to-morrow your ladyship, without fail."

With this consoling assurance Mr. Badger took his leave.

The next morning Mr. Lorimere gave strict orders to the servants not to admit a gentleman with a long thin face, a white hat and with but one decent foot. Mr. Badger who was gifted with some faculty resembling second sight had foreseen this. He paid no visit to Bond-street that day.

About three o'clock he entered the fashionable tailoring establishment on the corner of Wall street and Broadway.

"How do you do, Mr. Scofield?"

"How are you Mr. Badger? What can I do for you to day?"

"Nothing, thank you, but permit me to see what is going on in the world from these fine windows of yours."

"Certainly sir?"

Mr. Badger carefully stationed himself in one corner of the large window which looks out upon Broadway.

"I wonder who that fellow is lying in wait for, said Scofield to one of his clerks. "Here William, watch, and tell me whom he pounces upon."

A number of Mr. Badger's friends (all persons from whom he had money to collect he styled his intimate friends) passed by the window on their way to dinner. Still he kept his post. At last two gentleman of gay exterior and laughing very merrily, came in sight. One was evidently a foreigner of at least supposed distinction. Badger, with out-stretched hand, rushed from his hiding place just as they came opposite to the door.

"How do you do Lorimere?" Glad to see you—been looking for you all day. Introduce me to your friend. Count Morganini is it not? Happy to make your acquaintance sir," and Mr. Badger held out his enormous palm in preparation of enveloping the delicately gloved fingers of the count.

"Pray excuse me at present, Mr. Badger," said Mr. Lorimere. "I am particularly engaged."

"Shan't detain you a minute, my dear fellow, only want to know when you will settle those accounts of Chester & Co's and Drummer's, I'm so happy too to make the count's acquaintance. Been long in this country, sir? See you often in Broadway. Fine women we have here—Great country this—great country."

The count gave a look which the pencil better than the pen could express; and dropping Mr. Lorimere's arm silently bowed to him, then to Mr. Badger, and sauntered down Broadway.

"This is too bad, Badger," exclaimed Lorimere. "I've been trying to get acquainted with that man for a month, and have just succeeded."

"Gad you did succeed—I attribute my own success to that. Did you see what a bow he gave me?"

"Dance take his bow—just when he had promised to ride out with me!—You've put me out of humor—I can't listen to you now."

"No? Well I'll just walk towards home with you" (seizing his arm,) "and you shall tell me when I shall call to see you. There's no house I like calling at better than yours. Sweet lady, that wife of yours! delightful to talk to!"

Mr. Lorimere mutteringly coupled his wife's sweetness with expressions too emphatic for repetition.

"Excuse me now, I tell you, if there's money due from me, why don't you sue? Sue—sue, I tell you—you're welcome to sue to-morrow."

"That's not my way of transacting business. I sue for the money myself till I get it. I'm my own lawyer, and never lose a cause."

"I shall be late to dinner, and am going to jump into an omnibus. Good morning."

"I haven't dined myself yet," said Badger, without releasing the captive arm. "You take dinner *eng famille*, I suppose? I shouldn't mind taking a cut with you."

"I expect friends."

"Well, that makes no odds, I don't mind strangers; I'm hail fellow well met with all my friends. Here comes an omnibus—I'll ride up with you."

Mr. Lorimere gave a look at the omnibus. It appeared full. Leaping on the step and taking his stand in front of the door, he called out lustily to the driver, "Go on," and before Mr. Badger could hobble up to him, the omnibus was dashing along at full speed.

"I'll worry you a little for this, my fine fellow," said he, as he turned to retrace his steps. "I'll make the acquaintance of more of your acquaintances before I've done. There's no baffling Nat Badger."

A couple of days after the above incident, Mrs. Lorimere was in the parlor with some morning visitors, whose carriage stood before the door. She felt particularly happy that day. Her only daughter, a young girl in the first bloom of womanhood, was sitting in the window trying to comprehend the delightful nothings of a promising young slip of the aristocracy. The mother fondly believed he was aspiring to her daughter's hand. Suddenly the conversation was interrupted by a loud discussion between the waiter and another person at the door. A well known voice struck upon Mrs. Lorimere's ear. With ill disguised agitation she rose herself to close the parlor door. This was the worst movement she could have made. Mr. Badger, who was trying to force his way past the waiter, caught a glimpse of her figure, and rushing up to her, exclaimed—"I'm delighted to see your ladyship—delighted! You're looking enchantingly—Mr. Lorimere at home? Suppose not—but I can wait."

Without noticing Mrs. Lorimere's half uttered remonstrance, or rather, interpreting and receiving it as a welcome, the gentleman coolly entered the parlor.

"Mr. Badger," the lady at length mustered courage and voice to say, "you wish to see Mr. Lorimere on business; you will be more private in the back parlor, if you will do me the favor to step in there."

"Thank you—thank you, your ladyship—no consequence in life. My business is never private. I'm a man, too, of too much taste to be contented in any other room in the house except where the mistress is." And Mr. Badger bowed more profoundly than the present fashion of *petit maitre* would permit many to imitate.

"Don't trouble yourself to apologize, I am quite comfortable here," dropping himself slowly into a luxurious arm chair. "That's Miss Lorimere, I suppose. Very like you, your ladyship. How do you do, Miss? Never had the happiness of seeing you before—your mother and myself are old acquaintances."

Miss Lorimere looked bewildered.—The gentleman at her side stared, and after a few moments, feeling himself, we presume, amongst uncongenial spirits, rose and took his leave.

Mrs. Lorimere in resigned despair, attempted to resume the conversation with her guests.

"You were at young Mrs. Fleecer's soiree last night, were you not?" demanded she.

Before the lady addressed could answer, Mr. Badger interposed—

"Mrs. Fleecer? What! Harry Fleecer's wife? an acquaintance of mine—I know Hal very well. Strange affair that about his father! I was just going to make them a visit. Finest chairs in his house I ever sat upon. I shall see if I can't get them settled for to-day. Great country this—great country."

Mrs. Lorimere hurriedly went on. "I hear Mrs. Delaney was the belle of the evening."

"Beg your pardon, your ladyship," this time addressing not Mrs. Lorimere but the lady beside him. "What Mrs. Delaney is that? The wife of Alfred Delaney who beat his first wife to death? I've bills against him for more thousands than he likes. Must be the same? His second wife's the handsomest woman in New-York. Great friend of mine."

Just at this moment, Mr. Lorimere entered, and the visitors rose to take their departure.

"Ah! Lorimere—I've caught you at last—delightful society you receive—I've been enjoying it exceedingly. Should like nothing better than sitting in your parlor a few hours every day—if you're willing"—drawing up the right corner of his eye, and looking at the afflicted man out of his left eye, in a manner peculiarly his own.

"Mr. Badger, I desire in future that you will call at my office. I have not been used to this treatment."

"You'll soon get accustomed to it, my dear fellow, under my administration. I make my calls to suit my convenience, I'm glad to be so well received. When people find my visits troublesome they know how to dispense with them. I'm a man of business, and never call but on business, although I take pleasure always at the same time."

"Troublesome, sir? Why, I never"—angrily began Mr. Lorimere.

"Why don't you pay him Frank, and have done with it?" whispered Mrs. Lorimere, tears of mingled passion and mortification rolling down her cheeks.

"Permit me to settle my own affairs madam, without your interference."—Mrs. Lorimere weeping left the room.

"Badger, call upon me to-morrow at ten, and

I promise to pay for these confounded carpets—I can't stand this."

"And the china, too."

"If possible."

"Then good morning. Don't fail me—I shan't fail you, you may be sure.—Great country this—great country." With these words Mr. Badger took his leave, but not without first insisting on a shake of his friend's hand.

The next morning, at ten precisely, one of the numerous bills in Mr. Badger's hands against Mr. Lorimere was defrayed. This was but a drop in the bucket. Three or four more visits to the house were made ineffectually. The waiter had learnt, or discovered, his presence through some secret loop-hole. He never gained admittance. But as Mr. Badger himself expressed it, he was not the man to be baffled. He waited a full month for a good opportunity of putting his ingenious designs into execution.

Mrs. Lorimere issued cards for a party, at which she hoped to assemble the elite of the city.

"Of course she must have forgotten my invitation," argued Mr. Badger to himself. "No matter, I won't stand on ceremony with friends."

Beautiful as Martelle and Miss Whittingham's skill, to say nothing of Nature's could make her, looked Miss Lorimere on the evening of the ball. She stood in the blaze of light, at one end of the splendid drawing-room; and the gaily dressed figures that hovered around her, in addition to the coronet of diamonds that circled her fair brow, gave her the air of a sovereign receiving the homage of her devoted subjects. The persons she most desired to see were present, Kendall's band had arrived, Weller had surpassed himself in the arrangements of the supper table. Her triumph was complete. The evening was far advanced, most of the guests were assembled. An unusually loud ring turned Mrs. Lorimere's expectant glance to the door. She would rather at that moment have seen a ghost than the form which, arrayed in its *outré* Sunday best, presented itself to her view.

"How do you do, your ladyship?" vociferated Mr. Badger, the moment he distinguished Mrs. Lorimere. "Delighted to see you look so charmingly!"—Seizing the lady's hand in his own he gave it an unusually lusty shake.

Miss Lorimere at that moment crossed the room. Badger let go of the mother's hand, elbowed his way through the crowd and striding up to the fair young girl, loudly accosted her by name. The frightened maiden drew back, repressing a cry of astonishment. The guests rose to survey the stranger, whose appearance created such a sensation.

Mr. Lorimere who from the back parlor heard that there was some disturbance, little suspecting its nature, now innocently made his appearance. Badger pounced upon his hand the instant it was within reach.

"Delighted to see you, my dear fellow! delighted!"

Mr. Lorimere was speechless, with a bewildered look, at last he drew Badger's arm in his, and led him to a more retired part of the next room.

"Really, Badger, this intrusion is beyond endurance."

"Not so much beyond endurance, as being kept ringing the bell at your street door half an hour every day of a cold winter's morning, and then finding the door remain shut. You should keep better servants, my dear fellow, indeed you should."

"But, Mr. Badger—"

"But, my dear friend, if you don't like my company, you know how to get rid of it. I never come to a party, to which the people have forgotten to send me an invitation, unless I carry such an invite as this in my pocket."

"Positively you shall have the money if you call my at my office to-morrow."

"That's all I want. Now, I'll just stay to get a little refreshment, and then be off, for I don't admire late hours myself. Great country this—great country."

While this conversation was going on, the whisper of "Who is he?" "What is he?" ran round the rooms in as many tones as there are keys to a piano.

"I should'nt wonder if he was a constable," said one.

"Really? What shocking people to visit! I shall drop them after this."

"I can't imagine who he is!" lisped an intellectual looking young gentleman, who had been evincing some dexterity in keeping out of Mr. Badger's sight.

"It's Mr. Badger the collector!" squeaked the cracked voice of a gossiping old maid. "They say there's not an article in the house paid for."

"How dreadful! but it's what I suspected—"

"So did I—I always said—"

The lady would have continued to prove her prognosticating sagacity, had not Mrs. Lorimere, at that moment, overhearing the remarks made around her, fallen into violent hysterics. She was carried out of the room, followed by her husband and daughter. During their absence, most of the guests dispersed. But not until Mr. Badger had recognized all his particular friends, shaken hands with them and informed them what a GREAT COUNTRY they lived in.

A couple of months after the above occurrence the following conversation took place between Mr. and Mrs. Lorimere:

"I am so happy Frank," said the lady, "that we are going to have the auction to-morrow, and that you will really pay those horrid bills and let me live in peace—even though we do have to find that peace in lodgings."

"Why I see very little use in not paying them, or living in the style we have been doing, since every friend worth having has dropped us. Ever since that unfortunate bill, Mrs. Weathercock, and Mrs. Graceton, and Mrs. Delemere and all that set have never been near us. And Laura's lover, Mr. Florentine, never called after the day he met Badger, did he?"

"Never. Well, I will stipulate never to see any of them again if I can only be sure that I have taken my last look of Mr. Badger's face!"

"After to-morrow I may promise you with safety, my dear, that he shall claim no further friendship with us. And the next time you find me running into any unwarrantable extravagance just whisper in my ear, will you?—Remember your friend the Collector."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

A SKETCH.

It was the hour of eve, the sun had just sunk behind the horizon; its last golden beams were yet lingering o'er hill and dale. The stars, those heavenly watchers were one by one, casting their radiance o'er the firmament. It was at such an hour that I wandered forth. The air was mild and balmy, a soft and dreamlike stillness seemed breathing o'er animate and inanimate nature. It was an hour when the young forget for awhile the gross realities of life and the cold selfishness of the world, and with the warm feelings and glowing hopes of the youthful heart, dream of love and embody forth the bright visions of their waking hours—when the maiden thinks of him who has enshrined his image in her heart and taught it to beat with love's sweet and thrilling power, who is linked with all her thoughts and hopes of the future, wonders at the new, strange, sweet and blissful emotions that fill her heart, asks if this is love and scarcely dares breathe to herself that she loves. 'Tis the hour when the lover breathes the impassioned words of hope and love into the ear of his chosen one, and reads the fruition of his cherished hopes in the blushing countenance and downcast eyes—the voiceless language of affection more eloquent than words, of the loved one of his heart, around whom linger all his thoughts and hopes of the future, as in the sweet and tremulous tones of deep and joyful feelings she gives to him with the lovely timidity of virgin modesty, the blissful assurance that his rich affections have not been wasted upon a cold or false-hearted shrine, but are returned with all that deep intense and devoted love, which a warm and pure-hearted woman can lavish upon the object of her heart's first choice—or the destruction of all his hopes and the knell of his happiness, in the ease, calm and unmoved features, passionless demeanor and cold indifference with which she listens to the avowal of his affection.

It was at such an hour, but with feelings far different from these, that I wandered forth o'er the face of nature. My thoughts were with the absent and dead, and involuntarily I wended my way towards that last resting place of all, the grave-yard. As I turned from stone to stone, frail memorials of the loved and lost—as my eye rested on the moss grown tablet, from which the ruthless hand of time had long since obliterated the characters traced by the hand of affection, a solemn awe stole o'er my spirit. I was lost to the present, to the scenes of folly and vanity that were daily passing around me—years seemed annihilated, the shadows that enveloped the past were rolled back—the friends, the scenes and events of by-gone years came rushing o'er the tide of memory, with a vivid and thrilling power.

It was a country grave-yard, one that belonged to the place of my birth, around me were the tombs of neighbors, friends and associates, aye, of relatives, near and dear; with many of their voiceless inmates, though young, I was personally acquainted, and with the memory of all I was familiar from the history of friends and acquaintances.—My mind reverted to the time when those, whose bones were mouldering beneath me, were breathing the warm breath of life, were participating in the active

society. Their hearts throbbed with hope and joy, or sunk in sorrow and despair—they were surrounded with friends—they loved and were beloved in return; but they have passed away from earth. Some there are whose memory is fondly cherished, fresh and undimmed, as a sacred and holy thing, in warm and affectionate hearts, who live and will ever live in the hearts of those they loved on earth; but, alas! how many of those silent ones have been forgotten and have passed into the dark and fathomless gulf of oblivion, or appear before those whom they knew and loved in life, but as the dim shadows, the vague phantoms of a dream.

I passed on and stood by the grave of a beloved sister, one who was near and dear to me. As I knelt by the sacred turf, the thoughts of the past came o'er me with overpowering sensations, the tide of feeling flowed freely—the ten long years that had elapsed since that loved one was consigned to the silent tomb, seemed rolled back—I thought of the time when that young and lovely girl was with me, when the joyous hopes and bright anticipations of youth were ours. The scene changed, my sister was laid on the couch of sickness, a more than mortal beauty was on that cheek, the hectic flush of the fell destroyer was there. Again the scene changed, the hand of death had done its work, the lamp of life had waxed fainter and fainter, until it had faded away forever. My sister, on whose head the light of but eighteen summers had shone was gone. I had looked for the last time upon that loved form, imprinted the last kiss of affection on those sweet lips. I stood by her grave and with anguish too deep, too bitter for tears, I saw the form of that beloved one with whom were linked and blended many a fond and cherished hope of the future, lowered to its cold and silent bed, and gazed upon the cruel scene that crushed all my hopes; connected with that loved one, that had entwined themselves around my young heart; and tore from my sight one who was dear—Oh, God! how dear to my heart! In the bloom of youth and with the light of purity and loveliness encircling her fair form she was called away. Ten years with their changes had rolled by since that parting scene of agony—ten years! yet it seemed but as yesterday that I parted with that loved one, whose image was yet fresh in my heart, and never, oh! never, while reason holds her throne, or affection lives in my heart shall it fade from bright memory's page. Ten years! how many of the aged, aye, of the young and lovely, of thy friends and associates, dear sister, have followed thee, have been laid to rest by thy side, to be known no more on earth.

I passed from the grave of my sister to a freshly filled one. As I stood by that grave the recollections associated with its silent inmate filled my heart anew with a train of thrilling, mournfully sad and chilling sensations. The form that was enshrouded beneath the sods before me was that of a young and lovely girl, who had scarce numbered seventeen years. But a little while since and she was with us, surrounded by friends who were near and dear to her and by whom she was beloved—with a heart beating warm with the buoyant hopes, bright visions, and joyous anticipations that cling round the youthful heart, she moved before us in the light of innocence and loveliness. Oh! could I have realized

that death would seek one so fair and lovely for his victim! But alas! must we yet learn the sad truth that the purest and loveliest of earth are the first to feel the cankering hand of decay—to fade away and leave us to grope our darkened way alone, uncheered and unsustained by the light of their love, amongst the gross and selfish ones of earth? Consumption marked her for his own, and in the bloom of youth and loveliness, while the scenes of earth were bright before her—while her heart was throbbing warmly with fondly cherished hopes—while life was dear, she was called from friends, around whom was entwined the love of a warm and affectionate heart—from her youthful associates to whom she was bound by the sweet ties of friendship—from the society, to which she bid fair to be a bright ornament, and consigned to the cold, dark grave. But a few days had passed by, and all that remained on earth of that young and lovely being—of the joyous hopes and bright anticipations that were centered in her, lay beneath the sods before me—it was a chilling, a heart-agonizing thought. As I looked upon that fair young girl for the last time, beautiful even in death—as I saw that circle of fair young maidens, friends and associates of the departed one gather round her lifeless form—as I noted the grief depicted on their weeping countenances that found vent in sobs and cries, they appeared more interesting, more lovely in my eyes than they had ever done in their brightest hours of joy and merriment, when robed in their sweetest smiles and discoursing in their softest tones; for there was beauty of the affections, the exquisite and heart-winning loveliness that beams from the sensitive spirit, the warm and feeling heart, and glows in every line of the speaking features, displayed in their countenances; and I thought, “they will not, cannot soon forget the impressive scene that is before them—the memory of the loved friend from whom they have been called to part, will be sacredly cherished by them—the image of that lovely one, will be ever with them—the recollection of her worth and virtues will be present to them, alone and in the social circle, to soothe their sorrows and hallow their joys and repress the loud and boisterous mirth through many a coming scene of their lives.”

A few days had passed by since the mournful scene that we had witnessed, and a company of the young were assembled together in the social party; there were those there who had been the companions, the playmates from her childhood of the departed one. Had a stranger entered that circle, would he have thought that there was a shadow of sorrow resting upon their hearts—that those young ladies had been but a few short days before called to look for the last time on earth upon one of the fairest and loveliest of their number—that one who was wont to greet them, alone and in the social circle, with the warm kiss, kind tones and sweet smiles of affection, had been called from their midst, to be with them no more on earth?—No more could they meet the loved glance of those mildly beaming eyes—no more would she meet them in the social circle and by the domestic fireside with the fervent kiss of affection to cheer them on through the rugged paths of life, with the glowing smile and soothing words of sympathy and love. She to whom they professed to be united by the

sacred ties of friendship; love, had been taken from their midst to the last silent bourne of all living. Aye, little would a stranger have thought this; for the gaiety expressed on their countenances, the jokes that passed round, the ringing laugh and the trifling and unmeaning nothings that fell from those fair lips, denoted minds free from care, and hearts strangers to the softening and chastening influence of sorrow. No shade of sadness or thoughtfulness could be traced on those fair countenances by the most scrutinizing observer; those who had wept most freely and been loudest in their demonstrations of grief o'er the lifeless form of her from whom they had been called to part, were now the gayest and most thoughtless. As I thought of the scene that but a few short days ago had passed before their eyes and mine, I turned away with a chilling and painful feeling of disappointment—I could not participate in the untimely mirth that was around me, for a weight was upon my spirits, and sadness in my heart—I could not fling from me the recollection that but a few days had elapsed since those who were now all smiles and gaiety, were weeping and uttering loud lamentations o'er the remains of the lovely one who slept in the arms of death. And was it thus they cherished her memory and respected the last dying prayer of the heart—"forget me not!"—was this the constancy, the grief for the loss of their friend, for which I had then given them credit, and which I had fondly believed would not soon pass away? But, alas! for earthly changes—the form of their departed companion was scarce cold in its narrow bed—ere the sods that enshrouded the earthly remains of the young and lovely one were joined together, her associates and friends were mingling in their usual recreations and amusements, participating in the loud laugh and the gay joke—joy in their hearts and pleasure beaming from their countenances. Their friend the companion of their childhood and youth, one of the loveliest of their number had passed to the silent tomb, no more to be with them—her place in their social circle was vacant, but they heeded it not—they missed not her society; for surely if one thought to her memory, one feeling of sadness for the loss of the lovely being whom they had professed to love and hold dear, had existed in their hearts, the gay joke would have died away upon their lips, the loud laugh would have given place to the gentle smile, and unmeaning nonsense to sweet discourse on the worth and virtues of their departed friend.—But no; their friend had passed away and they knew her no more, they cherished not her memory. She had been called by the cruel mandate of death to leave this fair earth in the bloom of youth, while the bright flowers of youthful hopes and anticipations were clustering in all their freshness around her fair brow, and go down to the cold and silent grave; and while the sods were yet fresh o'er her remains, her friends, those whom she loved, who were dear to her heart, had ceased to hold her in sweet remembrance, and were quaffing the cup of pleasure, their hearts filled with mirth—her memory had passed away as the dews of the morning—their sorrow for their loss, had faded as the changing colors of the rainbow. I turned with sickness of heart from the midst of that circle of the young and fair. I had been disappointed in my views of the feel-

ings of those around me, at least of some—for there were those, with pleasure I say it of the associates of the departed one, who showed that they respected her memory, that their friend lived in their hearts. The first bitter lesson of distrust of human nature was stealing o'er me. Oh, God! and is this the meed of friendship—are love and affection, realities, or unmeaning names, shadows, vague phantoms of the imagination given but to mock us with feelings and hopes, that can never be realized? Are we to pass away, even as the dim shadows of a vision from the memory of those we have known and loved, who have been our companions through the halcyon days of childhood, and the joyous anticipations of youth? When called to bid farewell to the scenes of earth, and go down to the cold, dark grave, will our image leave their hearts, as our form is taken from their sight? When our bodies are shrouded in the tomb, and we can mingle no more with the friends that we loved, must our grave be unwatered by the tears of affection—must we be forgotten and sink forever into the dark gulf of oblivion? Oh, believe it not! Forbid it Heaven! forbid it ye guardian spirits of life and happiness! Though there be many, in the dark and barren wastes of whose hearts the flowers of affection have never bloomed—whose cold and selfish spirits have never felt the warm and holy influence of love and sympathy—thank God! there are a few noble spirits, rare indeed, but shining with a light of heavenly radiance, amidst the cold and selfish ones of earth, in the pure depths of whose hearts the bright and beautiful plants of friendship and love find a genial soil and bloom in all their freshness and purity—whose sensitive spirits ever beat responsive to the thrilling power of kindness and sympathy—in whose hearts love never dies, but will shed its sweet and holy influence o'er them through time and eternity. Were it not for these—were there no warm and feeling hearts to redeem this cold and friendless world from the influence of the soulless and heartless ones, who daily cross our paths—were friendship and love but unmeaning names—were those pure, deep and impassioned feelings that gush warm from the sensitive heart, that yearning desire which we feel for some one to love, and by whom we may be loved, never to be realized, given but to mock us, then indeed were earth a dreary waste, and life a curse. Oh! who would wish for the light of reason, the consciousness of mind and heart, with a thought so chilling, so heart-sickening pressing upon them. E****.

BIOGRAPHY.



ANNIBAL.

ANNIBAL, one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, general of antiquity, was a Carthaginian, the

son of Amilbar Barca, and was born 247 years B. C. When he was only a child, his father made him swear at the altar eternal enmity to the Romans, and never was vow better kept. At the age of twenty-five, he succeeded to the command of the army in Spain, on the death of Asdrubal. In three years he reduced Spain to subjection, and completed his achievement by the destruction of Saguntum, an ally of the Romans. Hence arose the second Punic war. Having conceived the daring scheme of attacking Rome in the very centre of her power, Annibal passed the Pyrenees with a formidable army (B. C. 218) traversed Gaul, crossed the Alps, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles, and penetrated into Italy, where, at the outset, he vanquished Scipio on the Ticino, and Sempronius on the Trebbia. In the following year, he entirely defeated Flaminius, at the battle of Thrasymene. Fabius, by his prudent manoeuvres, for a while held him at bay; but the battle of Cannæ, brought on (B. C. 216) by the presumption of Varro, reduced Rome to the verge of ruin. More than forty thousand Romans perished on that terrible day. The force of Annibal, however, not being sufficient for the reduction of the city of Rome, he bent his march to Capua, which opened its gates to him, and he there took up his winter quarters. It has been idly said, that the luxury of Capua proved fatal to Annibal and his army. But this ridiculous assertion is refuted by the fact that, though faction deprived him of succors from home, he kept his ground in Italy for more than twelve years after the battle of Cannæ, and did not quit it till he was recalled to defend Carthage against Scipio. The decisive battle of Zama, which was fought B. C. 201, compelled the Carthaginians to submit to a humiliating peace. His countrymen now conferred on Annibal the pretorship, and he began to introduce the reforms which were necessary to give vigor to the state; but the mean dread and hatred of the Romans pursued him, and they sent commissioners to insist on his being delivered into their hands. He was compelled to fly; and the remainder of his life was spent in almost continual wanderings, and endeavors to excite hostility against the Roman domination. Having failed in inspiring Antiochus, king of Syria, with his own spirit and fortitude, he lastly took refuge with Prusias, king of Bithynia, and at the court of that contemptible monarch he poisoned himself, B. C. 183, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, to avoid being surrendered up to those whom he had so often vanquished.

MISCELLANY.

THE IMAGINATION.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

In an early part of my practice I was called into a neighboring town to visit a patient. It being about the middle of the day, the gentleman of the house, who was over sixty years old, invited me to stop and dine.—While at dinner, he says, "I don't know as you like my dinner." "Why, yes," said I, "I do; I like it very well, it is very good." "I guess," said he, "you don't know what you are eating." "Why, yes," said I, "I do; it is some new-corned beef." "Ah," said the old gentleman, "it is horse-beef." I

replied, "I don't believe it." "It is," said he, "I declare it is some of my old mare." I was not much acquainted with him at that time; I looked at him, supposing him to be joking, but could not discover a muscle of the face to alter or change. I had just taken another piece on my plate and, a mouthful of the second slice in my mouth; and in fact it was horse-meat sure enough—I could taste it as plainly as I chewed it, and the more disagreeable it tasted. I continued picking and tasting a little sauce which I could swallow, but the meat, as the negro said, would no go. I at last gave a swallow as I do with a dose of physic. I thought that I should have thrown the whole contents of my stomach up at the table. I afterwards tasted a little sauce, but took care not to put any more meat in my mouth, and kept time with the family. Glad was I when dinner was over. It being cool weather, the old gentleman went to smoking and telling stories. At last he says, "I won't leave you in the dark about your dinner. I told you we had horse-meat for dinner, and so it was. I told you it was some of my old mare, and so it was, for I swapped her away for a steer, and that was some of the beef."

I have ever since been glad that the gentleman put the joke upon me, for I never should otherwise have known how far imagination would have carried me.

Not long after this I attended a patient, a young man about eighteen or nineteen years old, in another town, sick with the scarlet fever and throat distemper. I visited him on Sunday morning. I told him he was better, his disorder had turned, he was doing very well, and that I saw nothing but that he would recover. I had business farther along, and on my return about sunset I called again, and behold! the family and neighbors were standing around in a large room, seeing him die. I turned to his mother and asked her what was the matter?—"Oh," she said, "Joel is dying." I then turned to my pupil and asked him what all this could mean? "I don't know," said he. "I am sure he was doing well when we were here in the morning." I turned to his mother again, and asked her what had taken place in my absence?—"Oh," she said, "Joel has been growing worse ever since you left in the morning." She added, that the minister called soon after I left, and said he might possibly live till night, but could not live till tomorrow morning, and she thought it her duty to let her son know the near approach of death. I went to the bedside, and I verily thought him to be dying; he had a deathly pulse, a spasmodic affection of the muscles of the face, and the whole system was generally convulsed. I thought of the horse-beef—and I says to him, "Joel, I guess I can give you something that will help you." I conceived he had his reason, but I believe he could not speak. I immediately got a cordial, and with much difficulty he swallowed a very little. I walked the room, and I saw his eye followed me. I went to him again, got a little more medicine down, felt his pulse, told him his medicine was doing him good, and I guessed he would do by-and-by. I left him again, but took care he did not catch my eye again. I paid attention to him in this way for several hours, until he was really better. The next morning I found him altogether better. He has told me since, I

can't tell how many times, that he certainly should have died that night, if I had not called as I did. He is now living in the state of New-York, and is about seventy years old. S.

WHERE ARE THE BOYS?

Boz, in one of his characters, says, "there ain't any boys left—there's nothing now between a male baby and a man.—The editor of the index confirms this idea of Boz thus happily:—

Once they were intermediate states of boyhood—a bare-footed and bean porridge-eating state—a spelling and cyphering period—when there were boys to do the chores and go errands. But there are no such things now;—the child steps out of his frock into a "long tail coat" and calf skin boots. He exchanges the nipple for the cigar. Not one of the present generation has ever seen a real *bona fide*, "nine day old" pot of bean porridge.

We saw one of these non-descripts the other day with a pipe in his mouth, drawing a sled on a "coasting" expedition. Here follows the picture of the girl kind:

But the present generation is as destitute of girls as of boys. It is either baby or lady, nursery or parlor. The mother tends her infant or waits upon daughter. Instead of spinning flax for her father's shirt, they reel silk for the ladies fair; and instead of knitting stockings and mending trousers for their brothers, they work lace and make stays for themselves.

PRETTY GOOD.

Who is the author of the following, we know not. It was found in an old newspaper that look as if it was printed when Adam was a boy.

"Sambo was a slave to a master who was constitutionally addicted to lying.—Sambo being strongly devoted to his master, had, by dint of long practice, made himself an adept in giving plausibility to his master's large stories.

One day when the master was entertaining his guests in his customary manner among other marvellous facts, he related an incident which took place in one of his hunting excursions.

"I fired at a buck," said he, "at a hundred yards distance, and the ball passed through his left hind foot, and through his head just back of his ear!"

This evidently producing some little doubt in the minds of his guests he called upon Sambo to corroborate him.

"Yes, massa," says the almost confounded slave, after a moment's hesitation, "me see de ball hit 'im. Jes as massa lif up de gun to he eye de buck lif up his hin foot to "cratch 'im ear, and massa's ball went clear frough 'im foot an' head at de same time."

The guests were perfectly satisfied with Sambo's explanation, and swallowed the whole without further hesitation; but when the guests were gone, Sambo ventured upon his master's good humor so far as to remonstrate.

"For Gor almighty sake, massa, when you tell a nudder such a big lie, don't put um so fur apart; me hab deblish hard work for get um together."

WAR.

"Five hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill or be killed by a like number of their fellow-mortals

covered with turbans. By this strange procedure they want, at best, to decide whether a tract of land, to which none of them have any claim, shall belong to a certain man whom they call Sultan, or to another whom they call Czar: neither of whom ever has or ever will see the spot so furiously contended for, and very few of the creatures who thus cruelly butcher and cut each other's throats!"

A BRIGHT CHILD.—The following incident took place in a public school in Lowell a few days since. A little boy was asked how many mills make a cent. "Ten sir," was the prompt reply.

Immediately a bright faced girl held up her little hand in token of dissent.

"Well, Miss, what have you to say?"—

"Please, sir 10 Mills *don't* make a cent. Pa says all the mills in town don't make a cent."—*New Bedford Bulletin.*

A READY RETORT.—A drunken lawyer going into a church, was observed by the minister, who addressing himself to him, said, "I will bear witness against that sinner at the day of judgment." The lawyer shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied—"I have practiced twenty years at the bar, and have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to turn State's evidence."

A BUTCHER'S boy, carrying his tray on his shoulders accidentally struck it against a lady's head, and discomposed her wig. "The deuce take the tray," cried the lady in a passion. "Madam," said the lad gravely, "the *deuce* cannot take the *tray*."

A SMALL boy seeing a drunken man lie prostrate on the door sill of a dram shop, stepped in and quaintly informed the landlord that his sign had fallen down, and unless picked up would prevent customers coming in, as the thing was in the way.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

E. W. S. Sullivan, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. B. S. Shultzville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$5.00; S. C. Gorham N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. St. Charles, Ill. \$2.00; E. M. Clinton, N. Y. \$2.00; L. S. Wendall, Ms. \$1.00; W. M. H. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; H. D. Union City, Mich. \$1.00; S. S. W. Haydenville, Ms. \$3.00; J. R. Chatham 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. Barrytown, N. Y. \$1.00; B. H. Valatie, N. Y. \$0.68; W. K. Tannersville, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married,

On the 11th inst. at the residence of H. Hogeboom, Esq. in Ghent, by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Cornelius Hogeboom, of Ghent, to Mrs. Sarah Delamater, of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kent, of Canaan, Rodger Basal, of Peru, to Miss S. Crowter, of Austerlitz.

At the same place by the same, Mr. Franklin H. Crowter, to Miss Celestia Spencer, both of Austerlitz.

Died,

In this city on the 15th inst. Mr. Gabriel Dusenbury, aged 60 years.

On the 15th inst. Joseph Allen, in his 63 year.

On the 17th inst. Sarah Parmeter, in her 50th year.

On the 21st inst. Charles son of Abraham and Anna Martin, aged 6 months.

On the 23d inst. Bastian Frazer, in his 90th year.

In Greenport, on the 22d inst. Mr. Nicholas Ten Broeck, in the 77th year of his age.

At Athens, on the 23d inst. of consumption Margaret B. wife of William E. Green.

In Clermont, on the 6th inst. Robert L. Livingston, Esq. in the 68th year of his age.

Inodus, Wayne Co. on the 5th inst. Mr. Daniel Lyons, son of Jesse Lyons, Esq. formerly of Hillsdale, Columbia Co.

At New York, on the 21st inst. Mrs. Annis Van Deusen, widow of James T. Van Deusen, in her 52d year.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

CORNELIA'S JEWELS.

WHEN a Campanian lady made once a display of her jewels at Cornelia's house, and entreated her to favour her with a sight of her own, Cornelia produced her two sons, saying, "These are the only jewels of which I boast."
—LEMPRIERE'S CLASS. DIC.

Unto Cornelia's mansion came,
In tapestry arrayed,
Campania's most wealthy dame,
And haughtily displayed
Her jewels rare and many a gem,
That well might deck a diadem.

But as she spread her treasure bright,
Before Cornelia's gaze,
And saw her mark unmoved the sight,
Nor deign her gems to praise,—
Her vanity and boastful pride,
Such keen rebuke but ill could bide.

"And see'st thou naught," she said, "in these
Deserving of thy praise?
Does not their dazzling lustre please,
Nor admiration raise?
Or knowest thou aught can charm thee more,
Than such a beautiful, glittering store?"

"Behold these precious gems that shine,
In hues so bright and fair;
Behold these emeralds—how fine,
How beautiful and rare!
Can none of these, all sparkling bright,
In thee the least regard excite?"

"Perchance it is with envious eye
Thou see'st each shining stone;
Or that thou'st gems that far outvie
The finest I have shown.
Bring forth thy pearls, I fain would see
Thy richest, choicest jewelry."

"Most willingly," Cornelia said,
"Thy wish I'll gratify;
My jewels soon shall be displayed,
Which to my partial eye,
Your choicest ones transcend as far,
As mid-day sun the feeblest star."

As thus she speaks, behold there stand,
At once before their sight,
Two lovely children, hand in hand,
Their mother's fond delight.
Mildness in their features shone,
Reflecting innocence alone.

Cornelia, with a mother's pride,
Gazed on her children dear;
Then turning to her guest, she cried,
"Behold my jewels here!
Although your gems are rich and rare,
With mine they never can compare."

Greenport, N. Y. Jan. 1843. VALGIUS.

For the Rural Repository.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon—unslacked the thirst
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late—so are we doubly cursed.—CHILDE HAROLD.

Ah, yes! from childhood's fitful scene,
Till sets our sun in life's dark e'en,
We wither, gasp away;
Unfound the boon, unslacked the thirst—
Still chasing phantoms, as at first,
In verge of our decay.

And why should man so cling to earth?
Since sorrow's knell but chimes the birth
Of deeper woes that grow—
So thickly long the path we tread,
That from the rays which Joy may shed
He scarcely feels a glow.

Is't Hope that all these griefs will end,
And that to-morrow's dawn shall send
Of all his days the first
Without a pang, without a fear,
Without a lousing sigh or tear,
A cloudless day uncurst?

Is't Hope that still to-morrow's sun
Shall be but erst of years begun
All long, and bright, and gay;
Reward of many a painful hour,
And fraught for him with fullest power
To 'joy, to shine, to sway?

Ah! man thou slave of hope and fear,
"Thou pendulum 'twixt smile and tear,"
One lesson thou'lt not learn;
To-morrow is within the round,
Thou follow'st still—and still is found
The same at every turn.
Spencertown, Jan. 1843. IOTA.

COURTSHIP.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

"Oh, Laura! will nothing I bring thee
E'er soften these looks of disdain?
Are the songs of affection I sing thee
All doomed to be sung thee in vain?
I offer thee, fairest and dearest,
A treasure the richest I am worth;
I offer thee love, the sincerest,
The warmest that e'er glowed upon earth."

But the Maiden a haughty look flinging,
Said, "Cease my compassion to move;
For I'm not very partial to singing;
And they're poor whose sole treasure is love!"

"My name shall be sounded in story;
I offer thee, dearest my name,
I fought in the proud field of glory!
Oh Laura, come share in my fame!
I bring thee a soul that adores thee,
And loves thee wherever thou art,
Which thrills as its tribute it brings thee,
Of tenderness fresh from the heart."

But the maiden said, "Cease to importune,
Give Cupid the use of his wings;
Ah Fame's but a pitiful fortune—
And hearts are such valueless things!"

"Oh Laura, forgive, if I've spoken
Too boldly!—nay turn not away—
For my heart with affliction is broken—
My uncle died only to-day.

My uncle, the nabob,—who tended
My youth with affection and care,
My manhood who kindly befriended—
Has—died—and—has—left—me—his—hair!

And the maiden said, "Weep not sincerest!
My heart has been yours all along;
Oh hearts are of treasures the dearest—
Do, Edward, go on with your song."

THE DEPARTED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories
Like shadows over streams—
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn—

The departed—the departed
Can never more return.

The good, the brave, the beautiful,
How dreamless is their sleep
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep,
Or where the hurrying night winds
Pale winter's robes have spread
Above their narrow palaces
In the cities of the dead.

I look around and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days
In mournful ruin strewn;
I start to hear the stirring sound
Among the cypress trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer-waves,
The thrilling notes of birds
Can never be so dear to me
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
With their angel plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate,
To think that they are gone.

The departed—the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories
Like shadows over streams;
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed, the departed
Can never more return.

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